

Your MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

By Patricia Lee

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Any woman who deliberately tries to excite the jealousy of her husband as proof of his love for her deserves to lose his affection—and sometimes she does. Flossie W. has been married three years and isn't satisfied with the attention her husband gives her. She wants him in the Romeo role all the time, and so she tries to make him care more for her by flirting with other men. But he doesn't even get jealous.

Says the WOMAN

Dear Patricia Lee:

In the two years I have been married, my husband has changed. He used to be so romantic and so jealous of my every look and word and now while he is kind and good and tells me he loves me, he is no longer jealous. I wanted to test his love so I have smiled at other men and talked of their good features to him, but he doesn't even scold me. Do you think he loves me? FLOSSIE W.

Flossie, I don't see how husbands ever do love for very long wives like you. You certainly do your best to kill that love, don't you? I'm glad your husband has sense enough not to react to your little by-plays. Why aren't you satisfied with a faithful husband, and why do you resort to cheap little tricks to gain flattering attention? Keep up your present attitude and you'll have to worry about some other sensible, thoughtful woman who will know how to keep a man's love.

Why is any man foolish enough to believe that any woman can love and respect a man she can rule? These weak-spirited men who "give in" all the time and then wonder why they aren't happy? Just like Henry T.

Says the MAN

Dear Patricia Lee:

I am so unhappy. I am married four years and I don't believe my wife loves me any more. I give her my whole salary to pay bills with. I help with the housework, do the dishes at night. I take her every place she wants to go, even mind our child while she goes to club meetings, and yet she tells me she doesn't love me. She talks about other men, saying they are wonderful when I know they are not half as good husband as I try to be. What's wrong in our home and how can I change it? HENRY T.

You're the worst mistake in your home, Henry. What are you, a jellyfish? Don't you work all day earning the money to keep your home going? You have one child, and why should you turn maid servant in the evening? It seems to me a woman with only one child could take care of the house duties without her husband's help at night. Your trouble is that you're too easy. How could she respect you? Change yourself, your attitude; assert whatever spunk there is in your make-up and your home will be easier to live in.

WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY?

All letters to the Editor must bear names and addresses or will not be published.

QUESTION OF JERSEY BAIL

To the Editor of The GRAPHIC:

I for one cannot understand how Mrs. Hall is admitted to bail when held on a murder charge, first degree, and textile strikers are held in \$100,000 bail. If such a thing is possible then of what use is the Constitution of the United States of America, drafted to give us the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, also free speech?

ED. S. MURPHY.

Scarsdale Golf Club, Hartsdale, N. Y.

A MEMORIAL TO TEDDY

To the Editor of The GRAPHIC:

Having been a life-long admirer of our late president, Theodore Roosevelt, and believing him to be, as indeed a majority of Americans do, one of the outstanding men of our country, I am deeply interested in any movement to perpetuate his memory through an appropriate and suitable memorial.

W. EARL HOPPER.

West Long Branch, N. J.

MYSTERY OF RUDY'S DEATH

To the Editor of The GRAPHIC:

In reference to the Valentino

case I have followed the same very closely and have spoken to a number of people who seem to know something about it, and from what I have learned I honestly believe the public will never know the true story of his last illness and death. The people who should be most interested in having it cleared are just as anxious to keep it quiet.

ELIZABETH SINGER.

261 East 28th St., Brooklyn.

The Smartest Thing My Dog Ever Did

DOG BARKED FIRE ALARM

The smartest thing my dog ever did was to bark one night continually in the cellar until I had gone to see what was the matter. I found that some one had carelessly thrown hot ashes at the foot of the dumbwaiter and a slight blaze had started, which was easily extinguished. But for the dog the fire would have gained headway, causing loss and damage.

A. R. SPENCER.

36 Oak St., Jersey City.

Girl, 16, Asks Aid In Supporting 7

By CHARITY SMYTHE

Charity Smythe wants to help those who are trying to help themselves. Perhaps you have some clothing you have outgrown. Let Charity Smythe know about it. She can always find some worthy soul to make use of it. DO NOT SEND IT TO THE GRAPHIC. WRITE FOR THE ADDRESS OF A FAMILY AND SEND THE PACKAGE DIRECT. Perhaps a bit of unexpected happiness has come your way, and you would like to share your joy with some one else. Send a contribution to one of the cases listed below. You can always be sure your bit will go toward helping some worthy family. Send all contributions to Charity Smythe, in care of The GRAPHIC, 25 City Hall Place, New York City. Mark plainly on outside of envelope for whom your communication is intended.

Sixteen-year-old Mary has a man's job thrust on her young shoulders. Since the death of her father she has been trying to support her mother and six younger brothers and sisters.

Mary can't earn a great deal, for factory work doesn't bring as much as her father used to make as a day laborer. Soon after his death they moved into a tiny little basement place in the rear house. Even with the extremely low rent in these meager quarters, they just can't seem to get along.

The two youngest babies, a year and 3 years old, take up all the mother's time. Kind neighbors, poor themselves, have helped all they can.

But a man's job is too much for any 16-year-old girl, and Mary is breaking down under the strain. She has written to The GRAPHIC for help. Send your contributions to Charity Smythe, in care of the New York Evening GRAPHIC, 25 City Hall Place, marked "For Mary."

Why I Blushed

When I came off the train I noticed a group of children trailing a woman, who was giving them chewing gum. Thinking she was handing out samples I asked her for one, and she sarcastically replied, "Sir, these are my children, and I'm not giving away samples."

DAVID DIAMOND.

935 Kelly St., Bronx.

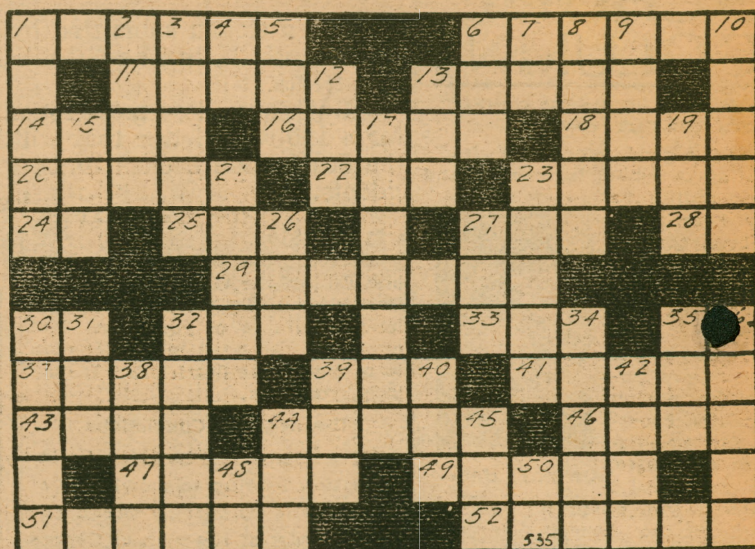
This letter won the prize of \$1. Send your contribution to "Why I Blushed" Editor, care of The GRAPHIC, 25 City Hall Place, New York City.

Solution to Yesterday's Cross-Word Puzzle

S	O	M	E	T	E	T	I	M	E	S	H
L	A	C	E	S	O	B	E	Y	S	H	I
A	T	A	S	B	A	R	D	E	E		
M	E	N	D	A	S	T	E	R	S	L	I
N	E	E	D	S	S	E	A	T	E	N	
B	A	S	H	A	N	T	E				
B	R	I	N	E	A	D	E	E	M	S	
F	E	A	T	S	A	V	E	S	L	O	A
E	R	G		H	I	R		V	I	E	
A	N	E	W	R	E	D	A	N	H	E	L
R	E	E	V	E	N	S	O	M	E	S	E

TODAY'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

CREATED BY J. W. WHITE



ACROSS

- 1—A New Zealand timber tree.
- 6—A domestic establishment.
- 11—Inactive.
- 13—Measure of electrical capacity.
- 14—Part of a window.
- 16—A religious service for morning.
- 18—A species of cabbage.
- 20—A happening.
- 22—Equality.
- 23—Criminal burning.
- 24—A prefix meaning down.
- 25—A color shade.
- 27—Utilize.
- 28—Addition to a writing (initials).
- 29—A grant of rights (plural).
- 30—Like.
- 32—Protection for clothes, worn by children.
- 33—Attention.
- 35—A pronoun.
- 37—Partakes of existence.
- 39—Lacking number.
- 41—Harnessed, as oxen.
- 43—A fly.
- 44—One who walks in any yielding substance.
- 46—Female quadruped.
- 47—A drain.
- 49—Complete.
- 51—Wound.
- 52—Sappers.

DOWN

- 1—Bound with a narrow fabric.
- 2—A tooth or spike.
- 3—In connection with.
- 4—Syllable applied to a note of the scale.
- 5—An inlet of the sea.
- 6—Humanity in general.
- 7—Syllable indicative of hesitation.
- 8—Mother of pearl.
- 9—Commotions.
- 10—Makes level.
- 12—A faucet.
- 13—A tree.
- 15—Hall!
- 17—Gradually narrowed toward an end.
- 19—Cut off.
- 21—Tapestry.
- 23—To examine and value.
- 26—To seize unexpectedly.
- 27—An American Indian.
- 31—Seaweed.
- 32—A species of palm.
- 34—A kind of type.
- 35—A pronoun.
- 36—State of bliss (plural).
- 38—Ornamental jar.
- 39—Distant.
- 40—Saturated.
- 42—A kind of cabbage.
- 44—Join.
- 45—A Romany.
- 48—Us.
- 50—A note of the musical scale.

How To EARN MONEY at HOME

By Sara Spence

Remember this when you are trying to earn money. You've got to do good work. Secondly, you've got to sell your work to some one who has the money to buy it. Go where there is money—if you want to make money. I've said it before, and I want to repeat it—to say it over and over.

I tried selling eggs in my own apartment. It seemed silly at first. But I wrote to a friend in the country to send me all the eggs she had. She sent six dozen. I sold them at fancy prices. Now I am handling forty dozen a day. What can I do next? AMBITIOUS.

You are doing well. Try to hold your present trade. Keep the standard high. Let every egg be a choice egg. Divide the white from the brown. Many people have a preference for one color or the other.

I have a college education. I understand thoroughly German, Spanish, Polish, Yiddish, and have had nine years' experience as secretary-stenographer. What can I do at home to earn money? MARY S.

I would go to the Medical Society and ask for foreign medical papers to translate. I would go to every technical magazine and ask for work of this kind and to every publisher. You must know that

all the foreign writers must have their work put into English. If you can do it well—and I know from your letter you can—your fortune is made.

I am following your advice about bead-making. I made a lovely string, with earrings to match. I moulded them, carved and tinted them. And I sold them for a big price. Thank you. MABEL.

Now try making a big slide or buckle, such as they use for the big silk scarfs that go around the neck. These can be made to match the earrings and the result would be very effective.

Mrs. Spence will answer questions on "How to Make Money at Home." Tell her your situation, and she will gladly take up your special case and advise you. There is no charge; and your name will not appear. Address: Mrs. Sara Spence, The Evening GRAPHIC, 25 City Hall Place.

THE KIDS IN OUR BLOCK—

The Girls Swear Off

By Louis G. Ferstadt

